

A
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
NARRATIVE.

In Reply to the

Dulness and Malice

Of two pretended

ANSWERS

To that

PAMPHLET.

Written by E. SETTLE

*Carminc dum tali Sylvas Animosque Ferarum
Threicius Vates & saxa sequentia traxit,
Ecce Nurus Ciconum ——— Ovid. Metam.*

L O N D O N,

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A Supplement, &c.

WELL, Lord have mercy upon us! What a crying Sin is turning *Honest*, and telling *Truth*, to those *Red-letter'd* Saints the *Whiggs*? How many Rogues, Dogs, Rascals and Villains, has poor *Elkanah* been call'd by them (for they *raile* as loud as they *pray*) and all alas, not for *Libelling* the Brother of a King, (for that was his *Virtue*) but for doing *ill* and being *sorry* for it. How many Reprobates, Monsters, and what not, has his Apostacy from that Heavenly Whig-gift of *Lying* and *Scandal* transform'd him to: Whilst he raked up *Dirt*, and *Falseness* to throw in the Face of Princes, tho' stoln from that sink of *Forgery* the HISTORY OF THE BLACK BOX, what *Honesty* and *Oracles* hung upon his Lips; and what an Angel of Light was such a Protestant Champion! But from that minute, that accursed minute, that he speaks *Truth*, and owns and repents of that *Malice* that animated him, tho' into the very *Unchristianity* of *Revenge*, what a falling *Lucifer* have they made him?

Besides, this is but the Crime of his *Preface* and *Post-script*; but oh for his *Narrative*! his lewd, his filthy, his abominable *Narrative*. Reprobate of Reprobates, and Monster of Monsters, having no fear of God before his Eyes, but led by the Instigation of the Devil, he has dash'd their dear, their darling, their adored *Dagon* to pieces; and the disconsolate Saints want Power to joyn the poor *stumps* of it together again.

But alas! where *Reason* cannot help them, *Railing* and *Lying* shall. And for an Essay of that Nature, we meet a harmless sucking Devil of theirs coming abroad, call'd REMARKS UPON E. SETTLES NARRATIVE, an Extraordinary piece for their *Dagons* Justification, being all *Billings-gate* and no *Argument* from the beginning to the end. That scurrilous senseless scribble that I should have answer'd with Silence and Disdain, had not the Barbarous Impudence of some intended personal Reflections in it, a Mass of as Brazen-faced Romance and Forgery, as ever Ink and Letters brought forth, extorted this Vindication from the Rancour of *Abuse* and *Villany*. But truly there's a great deal of Cause for it. For where any thing comes in Print a little too *unanswerable* for them, and they cannot make their Attempt that way, the Authors *Person* must be attack'd, and an Assault made upon his *Reputation* is their old practis'd way, to baffle that *Reason* they cannot otherwise overthrow; whilst they *Write* as they *Preach* only to *Ignorance* and *Fools*, such as can be caught by Empty *Noise*, and Charm'd by *Sounds*.

But before I convince the World, how Notorious a Lier the *Remarker* is in those Rascally stories laid at poor *Elkanah's* Door. I shall endeavor to answer some few passages in his Book, which to the unwary at first sight may look a little like sense, tho' God wot, but a little indeed: He puts the *Narrative* writer this Question. p. 11

Whether it were not more probable that the *Papists* a People of debauch and murderous Principles, that bear no Conscience towards Hereticks, persecuted by penal Laws [not when the Plot was hatching sure] should be induced out o' their Hatred of the Protestant Religion, and for the Advancement of their own, to remove the Obstacles of their Freedom and Happiness by the Destruction of a Heretick Prince; then that a few inconsiderable Persons without any Support or Encouragement should dare to create such a Horrid and Bloody Plot of their own Heads, and then venture their Lives by daring to justifie it to the Face of King and Parliament. Now what a doubtful Question has this *Remarker* made; and what an *Oedipus* must he be that answers it?

That the *Papists* are those debauch and Murderous Principled Men I acknowledge; but that their Killing the King by those open day-light Assassinations sworn in the Plot, could have been an Advancement of their Religion, and a removing the Obstacles to their Freedom and Happiness I utterly deny. For the bare-faced shooting the King by *Pickering's* Gun, by such a hand, at such a place, and in such a Manner, as attested by the *Plot-swearers*, had been so remote a way from advancing either the *Papists* or their Religion, that on the contrary it had been the direct means to have drawn down that Vengeance upon their Heads, from the Hundred

fold stronger Protestant hands in England, as might have almost blotted them from the Face of the Earth. And as the Narrative tells you, if that were the highest reach of an Intrigue of a Hundred Years hatching, much good may do them with their *Politicks*.

But had the Discoverers no Support nor Encouragement from making their Discoveries, when from *Infamy Jails* and *Beggary* they stept up to Ten Pounds a week maintenance, and the honor of *Whitehall* Lodgings, *Whitehall* Guards to attend them, with the Pomp of *bended Knees* and up *lyfted Eyes* from the adoring Crowd, and the continued *Hosannas* OF ALL HAYLE THE SAVIOURS OF THE NATION. Was it no Encouragement for such a poor *Marshalsea* Bird as *Bedlow*, newly releast from feeding on the *Basket*, to leap at the Kings Proclamation of 500*l*. for the Discovery of Sir *Edmond-bury Godfrey's* Murder? And tho several unhappy unforeseen discouragements have befallen them *since*; Yet they are not so desperately unfortunate yet, but they have some *Friends* left. The Reverend Dr. tho despised at the Profane *Whitehall*, is still honored by the sanctified *City Brotherhood*. A large House well furnisht, with Servants, Attendants, and all good things at Command, and all to the Son of a *Weaver* with not one farthing worth of *Patrimony* or *Preferment* is a sign that Providence has not quite forsaken him? 'Tis true his *disheartened Plot* has left him in a little *Wilderness* at present. Yet let me tell you ther's a sort of *Birds of Prey*, your kind fat *Amsterdam* Buntings, that like *Elisba's* Ravens, take care to keep him well fed still. And the true blew Protestant *Guinneys* collected and raised for the late defeated *City Feast*, were yet very honorably disposed of, and the rewarded Dr. had a round Lump of that corroborating Gold to enliven his fainting Spirits, and strengthen his true Protestant Zeal. For I assure you 'tis but necessary; for great and long Causes require often *Feeding*; the Clients must be *Bountiful* to keep the Advocates safely retain'd. And tho some People may lay Poverty to his charge: to confute that error, the Dr. I assure them, does not pinch himself into a *jump* for want of Cloth enough to make it up into a *Gown*.

Besides why must it follow (suppose the Plot a piece of *Subornation*) that those inconsiderable Persons should create it of their *Own* heads. What if the Heads of some considerable TOWER Jail Birds should joyn with the Inconsiderable *Marshalsea* Jail-Birds for the production of it. 'Tis not the first time that Quality and Rascality have club'd together, and like the spurious Off-spring of *Nilus*, there goes some *Sun-beam* not all *mud* to make up the *Monster*.

Oh but the greatest and most damnable Crime in the Narrative is, it has ridiculed the whole Popish Plot, and consequently affronted the King Lords and Commons, that have so unanimously and so frequently asserted their Belief of the Popish Plot.

Now to clear this Imputation from the Narrative and the Author, he hereby declares, that no man in the World can pay a greater Reverence to the King, or his Parliaments then himself: But in the height of all that Veneration due to Heavens Vicegerent, both from a Subject and a Christian, I must say that the King Lords and Commons together are but *Men*, and as such not *Infallible*. And *Inadvertency* and *Surprize* may sometimes deceive both *Kings* and *Potentates*. The King and his Parliament have declared there was a Plot against the Kings Life; and yet they have decreed no penalty or punishment to him that says, that *Pickering* was one of the worst *Gunners* in Christendom, and *St. James's Park* the worst spot of Ground for such an Assassination. The Plot Discoverers have been credited by the King and Parliament; and yet if any Man shall but ASSERT what the Discoverers SWEAR, as sacred as their Testimony has been, the Law will lay him by the heels for it. For he that shall aver that *Wakeman* was engaged to Poyson the King, or *Kerney* one of the four *Russians* was hired to stab him, is lyable to be punished for it; for they have stood Tryal, and been acquitted by LAW, and as such they have their *Action* against him that asperges, and traduces the *Innocent*.

'Tis true, I neither do, nor dare say that poor *Pickering* and *Groves* were *Innocent*; and why because the Law has pronounced them *Guilty*. And yet I may safely say that had they had the good Fortune to have lived a Year and a half longer than they did, 'twas not impossible nor unlikely they might have dyed in their Beds, for all their *Screwed Guns* or *Silver Bullets*. Besides without Derogation to Kings or their

their great Councils, not only their Votes have been several times *Humane* and *Fraile*; but even their Deliberate *Acts* and *Statutes* are not always *Gospel*? For Instance King *Henry* the 8th. and one of his Parliaments made an Act that illegitimated both *Mary* and *Elizabeth* his Daughters; and decreed a punishment for any Man that should but assert their Right to the Crown, or so much as call them Legitimate [28th of *Hen.* 8th.]

And the same *Henry* and another of his Parliaments [35th of *Hen.* 8th.] Legitimated them Both again, by Virtue of which Legitimation they both successively wore the Crown of *England*. And all this Legally done by the King and the great Council of the Nation. And yet in the Case of Legitimacy which relates to their Birth and Blood, which is *unchangeable*, either the *pro* or the *con* must be Erroneous. And what if in our case, in the same Nature; only *vice versa*, the King Lords and Commons Assembled in Parliament anno 78 and 79, should have declared the Popish Plot sworn by *Titus, Bedlows, Dugdale, France, Dangerfield, Duff, Murfey, Macnamar, Zeale, Lewis* &c. was LEGITIMATE, and the King Lords and Commons in another Parliament in 83, (or when His Majesty pleases) should declare the aforesaid Plot to be ILLEGITIMATE, I know nothing to the contrary but it lyès in their Breasts and pleasures to do it.

But however *Elkanahs* Narrative has scurrilously and basely arraigned the *Justice*, and *Judges* of the Nation: ----And why so! Is there one passage through the whole Book that says or Hints that the Popish Conspirators had not their *Legal* Tryals; and tho amongst so many Hundred Treasonable Letters, Commissions and what not, against them, their Accusers produced nothing but HEARTY SWEARING for their Conviction, yet do not the Lord Chief J. at *Whitebreads* Tryal say that 'tis by the Oaths of two Witnesses that our Lives and Fortunes stand or fall. And does the Narrative say or insinuate that they had not two or more Witnesses whose Oaths condemn'd them; for which the Jury brought them in *Guilty*, and the Judges according to their Duties condemn'd them as such; and how then is the Justice or Judges of the Nation Impeached, when on the contrary they were so far from dying unjustly, that they dyed even *summo jure*, by the highest Justice in the Kingdom. Besides, suppose *Pickering* was never engaged to *Pistol* the King, and has yet dyed for it: So I have heard of some People that have been hang'd in Chains for a Murder, when the supposed Murdered Person has some Years after been found alive, and all this while the Judge and the unfortunate Jury neither arraigned nor arraignable for their Sentence or Execution.

Who then has the Narrative wronged, the Kings Evidence? No. That's Impossible; for to tell truth can wrong no body: and the Narrative is so far from belying them, that it recites not one passage but is recorded from their own Oaths. And why a Recital of what is sworn in the Plot should be a *Burlesquing* of the Plot I cannot understand.

Oh but telling Truth, says the Proverb, may sometimes do harm; and in this case the whole Book tho with never so much truth in it, tends to the lessening the Discoverers Testimony and a Stifling the whole Popish Plot.

Now 'tis true indeed, why should *Elkanah* be such a *Cudden* as to endeavor the Stifling of the Popish Plot, when it saves him the labor, and Stifles it self. The *Meteor* wanted a Body to last, and so the short liv'd *Exhalation* has spent it self, and is expired. But for my part I pay such a profound respect to the Plot, that I heartily wish that it may have that preheminance above all Plots whatsoever, as to be the ONLY more than *Phoenix* of the Kind, and be never equalled from the beginning to the end of the World; and that it may find its just Merit in deathless Records, I'de have it annexed to the History of *AMBOYNA*, and when the *Turk* comes farther into Christendom, have it presented him to bind up with the *Alcoran*. Besides, I solemnly avow the Plot was a good Plot, especially whilst 'twas hot and fresh; and if it has been set by till 'tis cold and stinks, 'tis no fault of mine. I acknowledge the Ingredients of the Plot are Rarities in their kind; but if the Plotters and Discoverers between them, have unfortunately made a *Hotch Potch* instead of an *Cleo*, and put them so fustomly together till they nauseate, can I help it. If the Swearers have contradicted each others Testimony, and sometimes their own, is

Elkanah to answer for it. Besides as the Discoverers have sworn the Jesuits to be the greatest ROGUES in the World through the whole Popish Plot, so *Elkanah's* Narrative has proved them through the whole Plot to be the greatest IDEOTS in the World. And pray what Indignity is it to the Honor of King Lords and Commons, or scandal to the Justice of the Nation to add *one blot* more to the Scutcheon of a Jesuit, and from a pack of *Knaves* to make them a pack of *Fools* too. If this be a *Crime*, Heaven mend all.

I but Elkanah is criticising upon Dr. Oats his Commissions, and the Innumerable invisible Foreign Thousands all ready for Landing, upon the Kings Murder.

However as Chimerical as Armies of Pilgrims may appear, and the rest of the Popish Battalions design'd for the Protestant Destruction, the Remarker gives you an assurance, that all those Foreign Forces are plainly demonstrated from *Colemans Letters*. What else means this signal passage, "we have a mighty work upon our hands, the subduing of a pestilent Heresy which has dominieerd over great part of the Northern world, a great while. There never was greater hopes of success, since the Death of Queen *Mary*, Till these our days. But the opposition we are like to meet with, is also like to be great, so that it imports us to get all the Ayde and Assistance we can. Now can I find nothing so signal in this passage as so plainly to demonstrate the Popish forces, sworn into the Plot. I declare I have read over *Colemans* papers, attentively, and Time was if I could have found but the least hint of Popish *Ruffians*, Popish *Poysons*, Popish *Screw'd Guns*, or Popish *Armies*, either from *Spain*, *France*, *Jago*, *Messina*, or any other Popish Country, in all his papers, the World should have had it through both Ears. But since no such thing occurs in all his Letters, give the Devil his due the *Popedreaders* of the World I am afraid, are mistaken in that *Garagantua* of a Conspirator *Coleman*. If this passage in his Letters, to Father *Le Chese*, was for calling in of French Armies, how comes it we have no answer in all *Le Chese's* Letters to *Coleman* relating to Arms and Men, or one proposition, how when or where his Master the King of France was to Land them If this Ayde and assistance was meant for Armies, and those to be Landed, upon the King's being kil'd, how happens it, there is not some relation too in the Letters to the Kings Death. These Conspirators wrote in Cyphers and Characters, and therefore I know no reason they had, but they might Treat upon that subject too upon occasion; especially when (if you'll beleive the Popish Plot) they wrote so many hundred Treasonable Letters seen read and carry'd by *Oats*, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale* &c. and so many of them in such downright plain English Treason. I, but say those sort of People that see thro Millstones; 'Tis evident that *Coleman* burnt all his Papers relating to the more Dangerous part of the Plot; for example we find his Correspondence ending in the Year 76, and that of his two last Years 77 and 78 was never found to this day, In that no doubt we should have had the 4 Irish Cut throats, *Wakemans* Poyson, *Connyers* Dagger, *Blundels* Fireballs, and all the Mystery of Pilgrims and Black Bills as apparently made out, as Demonstration and Record could manifest. Now what a sort of credulous Latitudinarians, can Fear, and Jealousy make men. Because the Papers found in *Colemans* Closet were not evidential enough to prove the Kings Murder and the Protestants Massacre, we must charge him with Crimes of which there is not the least shadow to convict him of. For I appeal to any man of common Sense; wheither if *Coleman* had continued his Correspondence for the 2 following Years, and it were true, that upon the breaking out of the Plot he burnt those Letters relating to that Correspondence; how comes it upon his searching his Closet for some Papers he did not burn All. He must needs be sensible that those very Papers he left (to a Nation so Jealous of Popery as *England*,) were enough to hang him, and as certainly Life's dear, the same Preservation that had prompted him to burn the one, had infallibly instructed him to burn the Other. No; as 'tis plain he was surpriz'd, he had no time to secure any of his Papers, and the want of the two last Years Correspondence, is a more evident signe, that the Treaty was broken off, and that either the subduing the Pestilent northern Heresy, was given over as a Work impossible; or else that grand Intriguer *Coleman* had only dreind the French Confessours and the rest of his Brethrens Pockets (for Money Money thro all his Letters is the great Burden of the

song

song) and those wonderful Promises of converting of Nations and *subduing of Heresies*, were all but *Ayr* and *Rhodomontado*; till the poor cull'd Bigots at last had found out the *Cheat*, and so ended the *Commerce*.

But before I could finish my Observations on the *Remarks* a new Whig Champion starts up with an other pamphlet call'd *Reflections on Settles Narrative*. For that *paw Book* sets them all upon the Ferment, and *Blood* and *Gall* in the angry Saints, let me tell you, *boyle high*. And therefore if Rogue, Rascal, Villain, Traytor, &c. fly at random, you must consider the Nature of the Beasts, and therefore excuse whatever *Grossness* you meet, for the *Sordidness* of their writings is so essential to their Constitutions, that they cannot possibly auoy'd it.

These two dead doing Adversaries being much of an equal Prowess and their Arguments and Batteries much of the same strength, I shall not trouble my self to make two distinct Replies to them, but give you my sence of their best, though weak Arguments promiscuously as Discourse or Occasion shall offer. This last Antagonist falls vehement foul top upon the Narrative for all the *Contradictions*, *Incoherencies*, *Clashing of Evidence*, *Contradictions*, *Improbabilitys*, and *Impossibilitys* found in the Popish Plot, and in page 7th gives you this universal salvo for all the *Blunders* in the whole Discovery.

By Mr. Settles leave, Rome, in the several Attempts, it has made for the Perversion Reduction and Apostacy of great Britain to the Popish Superstition and Power, having been still frustrated, notwithstanding its Designs were contrived with all the Art and skill that Humane Wit, and Devilish Policy could suggest, and therefore having incurred the just Resentment, and Indignation of all those who have in detestation all its abominable practices; I say, the frequent Disappointments of their Projects may be reasonably supposed to have made them use the Precaution that in case they should agen prove Abortive, and their Machinations be detected, that they might nevertheless appear in such Lights as to seem improbable to the World, and that, then let the Issue be what it will, it must turn to their Advantage; since if the Plot had taken Effect, they had gain'd their main Point. But the discover'd, and disappointed, yet the puzzling Circumstances, and the Improbabilitys of the means, as it might bring the Reality of it into question, so it might also the Truth of its former Conspiracies, how manifest soever. And they from thence have an occasion of retorting them as Contrivances of their Enemies, and by that means purge themselves of the Scandal and Odium which they had justly brought upon their Church by such unchristian-like, nay inhumane Undertakings.

Well, never was Nonsense more Nonsensically Defended. How far fetcht, and Sophistical is this feeble *Crotch* to help out the *Lameness* and *Inconsistencies* in the Plot. If the Reflector had proved that the Plotters had amuzed their Agents such as *Bedlows Dugdale Oats* &c. with Interlarding *Shams* with *Truth* to invalidate and confound their Discoveries upon any Revolt from their cause, he had done some thing. But that's apparently false, for they never Doubted their *Truth*, for instead of having their great *April* Consult, Subscribed by so many several Mens Hands, convey'd from Chamber to Chamber by any of their Head Conspirators, the very *Underling Oats* has that great Trust Impos'd in him, and the Invincible Demonstration of the most monstrous Design against the Kings Life, expressly in plain English, put into his Power. Besides all the Treasonable Papers daily Trusted in *Oats*, *Dugdale*, and *Bedlows* Hands, upon the least falshood in the Messengers, had put them past all hopes of bringing the Reality of their present or former Guilt and Treasons into Question. So that, (tho truly I cannot make sence of what this huddle of words means,) if the Plot be true, Rome was so far from being guilty of so much *forefight* as the Reflector gives it, that *Precaution* is the least Crime it has to answer for.

Thus far we have their Confirmation of *Oats* his *Truth* and *Honor*, and the Reasonableness of the Plot in General; and now we shall give you their particular comments, on the Narrative, at least those that so much as look like Reflections, or Arguments against it.

The Reflector very Heroically falls upon the First Line of the Narrative, viz.

Narrat. In the Year 78. it pleas'd those Powers that inspir'd them to raise up Mr. Oats, Bedlows, Dugdale, Prance, &c.

Which says the Reflector, *I must own I do not understand. What does Mr. Settle mean: that it pleased those Powers that inspired those Powers?* That's Grammar indeed, but no sense; but there's neither Grammar nor sense in these words, as Mr. Settle has set them down.

You see Reader, what an Adversary Settle is like to encounter by this first Attack he gives him. When a School-boy in the under Form at Westminster would tell him that [THEM] only relates to Oats, Bedlow, Dugdale; and to have made it that Non-sense the Reflector intends it, viz. *those powers that inspired those powers*, it must have been *Those powers that inspired THEMSELVES*. Just such another remarkable correction he gives to Elkanah's false Grammar page 15. says Elkanah, *here the Reader is desired to take notice of the most matchless Example in Mr. Bedlow that ere HE met with*, to which replies the Reflector instead of [THEM have met with] if Mr. Settle will allow me to make it true Grammar for him. Now unless a Fellow had studied to Print himself a Block-head, nothing besides stupidity Incurable could have made [Reader] a plural Number. This egregious stumble in the very first step into the Narrative, and this strength of his Syntax is a little ominous, and he shews you what a Grammarian he is, to let you expect what a Casuist you'll find him too. And as he says he understands no better, tis very likely he tells you true, by the Cudgels he takes up; for indeed Men of understanding begin to quit the Whig Cause so fast, that Grammar and Logick, and indeed Common sense will go a great way amongst them.

But first for the Killing the King.

After the Reflector has repeated the Narratives comical Description of Pickering's puiſſance in King Killing, he says, *Now I appeal to Mankind if they can find any thing of a jest in so sad and so serious a Theme, an Attempt the most execrable that was ever hatcht in Hell, the very thought whereof, tho' suppose it but a FICTION, capable of creating a Terror and Trembling in the most unhumane Barbarians.* This is the first, and last time he is in the Right. Truly such a FICTION, the most execrable indeed that was ever hatcht in Hell, and the thought of so much Infernal Impudence and Diabolical Perjury that must attend that FICTION on one side, and so much Innocent LOUD TONGUED Blood on the other side, is enough indeed to create a Terror and Trembling in Barbarians and Infidels.

But Settle tells you that the Looseness and Failure of Pickering's Gun in Oats his Narrative was in January as Whitebread sent word to St. Omers, but at Pickering's Tryal expressly in March, being askt.

Sir Ch. L. Do you know any thing of Pickering's doing Penance and for what?

Oats, Yes, my Lord, in the Month of March (for these Persons have followed the King several Years) but he at THAT TIME had not lookt to the Flint of his Pistol, but it was loose, and he durst not venture to give Fire, he had a fair opportunity and because he mist it through his own negligence he underwent Penance, and had 20 strokes of Discipline. Upon this says Settle. Can any thing be more strange than that Whitebread should send the St. Omers Fathers in January a perfect Relation of a Crime not committed till the March following. Now (hereupon says the Reflector) I cannot for the heart of me see an Elliotism in this whole matter; for might not Pickering commit the Crime in January or before, and not suffer the penance till March following: For the Question is only to the doing penance, and the Answer is in March.

Now observe the damnable Trecherous Eye-sight of a Whig, that always sees too little or too much. Oats swears that Pickering suffered penance in March because he at THAT TIME had not lookt to the Flint of his Pistol; and yet the Reflector spite of the heart of him cannot see but that very THAT TIME must be January two Months before.

Just such another fault spite of the heart of him cannot the Remarker forbear seeing too. says Settle. The Reader is humbly desired not to be puzzled to imagine how Pickering should present a Gun (between a Pistol and Carbine,) twice at the King, which one time for want of Prime, and another time (as Bedlow swears) by being charged with all Bullets and no Powder would not go off, and yet not be apprehended or so much as seen by any one of all the Kings Attendance, and that too in

in so publick a place as *St. James's Park*, a place where there is not so much as a Bramble or Bryar, or any one Covert throughout it enough to shrowd a Pigmeey, much less too Man-slayers, excepting the Officers within the Canal (but those are moated round, and therefore inaccessible.) To which the Remarker by a certain old Game call'd *cross purposes* makes answer. *The Devil's in Settle for putting straws upon the World. In the first place the Oath does not affirm that Pickering presented the Gun, but that finding the defect of the Flint he deferd the Action till another time. Besides he forgets that there was a very thick Grove at the end of the Pell-mell where His Majesty might have made his unfortunate Approaches. And the Reflector upon the same passage wisely observes, the Traitor might sculk behind one of these great Trees, between which, he might have used his Hat or Cloak or Twenty other things, for the hindring a Discovery. But Settle with his Brambles and Bryars could not see Wood for Trees. That is to say, a Couple of fellows with each of them a Screw-Gun could shelter themselves in a Grove without one Branch of Underwood, where the Trees stand three or four yards asunder, and the largest of those Trees have publick walks all round them, in a place too where no Man is suffered to wander out of the common walk, but the very Centries shall call him back. Oh but they concealed their Guns behind their Hats Cloaks or Twenty other things. But surely when the Gun miscarried once for want of powder in the Barrel and another time in the Pan, Was the Gun under the Hat, or the Cloak; or were the Silver Bullets to go through Hat Cloak Trees and all?*

But now for the Massacre. The Discoverers give you an account of Commissions given out, an Army to be raised; and *Elkanah's* Narrative makes it apparent, that Army could consist of none but Papists, it being impossible as they had managed it, to have drawn in any other Malecontents into the Conspiracy. Well, and where's the wonder of all this says the Reflector, *Is it not possible to list a Popish Army in a Protestant Country without being Discovered till they themselves think convenient, being Tongue-tied, awed, and spirited by superstitious Oaths &c.* All this granted, how will the Reflector reconcile that Concession of his p. 19th. in which he yeilds *that there were some of the Papists in the Old Kings Reign, (some Thousands he might have said) that ventured their Lives Estates and Freedoms in the Royal Cause; for in the most Barbarous Nations (continues he) there are some Persons found who are JUST, UPRIGHT, HONEST and LOYAL.* Now if this Popish Army was listed in England, as the Discoverers Swear, the blow being ready for striking, I wonder how the Conspirators did to single out and list only those *Disloyal* Papists fit for their turn, and not unluckily communicate their intended Rebellion to so much as *one man* of those Thousands of *Just, Honest, Upright, and Loyal* Men of that Religion, that consequently with all those good Principles would not have fordon to have detected the Conspiracy. The Papists were not Gods, and 'tis not a little miraculous that as but *Men*, they should have that assurance of all the *Hands and Hearts* they trusted; as not to be mistaken even in *one* false Brother through a whole Army. Besides the Reflector is very unlucky in this point, for as *Elkanah* affirms, and the Reflector does not deny, that the Papists by computation are not the 150th. part of the Nation, and therefore in the Hererick Massacre one Man must have Kill'd near a *Brace of Hundreds* for his share, if as there are so many Loyal Men amongst the Party that would have stood *Neuter* at least, if not *resisted* them, the Reflector has unfortunately put them to the push of each mans Killing at least *twice as many*, and the Possibility of all this, the Reflector does not at all doubt, it being as *feasable* an Archievement as the *Knaves of Popeland* ere contrived, or the *Fools of Whigland* ere believed. Nay to make the Motions of the Jesuits a little more wondrous, *Bedlow* Swears before the House of Lords, *that the Papists had an Army of Forty Thousand strong all ready to rise in London at 24 hours warning, besides those that should have been posted at every Ale-house Door to have Kill'd the Soldiers as they come out of their Quarters, and Lord Petre and Powis were to have Marcht with another English Army through Pembroke-shire: and yet as the Devil and ill luck would have it, 'tis undeniably manifest that all the Papists in England are so far from forming so many terrible Armies, that they are not 40000 in all, Men, Women and Children through*

the whole Kingdom. Yet all this we are obliged to believe as true as the Evangelists, and he that dares deny it, flies in the face of Kings, Lords and Commons, and arraigns the whole Justice of the Nation. Besides, to eternize the Memory of this glorious Preserver of the Nation, tho' it notoriously known he died *Raving*, yet the true blue *Bristol* Protestants could honour him with no less an Inscription on his Herse, than

Testimonium quod vivens exhibuit, moriens constanter obfirmavit.

But now to leave Mr. *Bedlows* Armies, and take a view of *Dugdales* Plot-Forces; the best *jest* we have in all the Reflections, (for 'tis all but *Farce*) we meet in the 11th. Page. *Settle* gives an account how preposterous, nay how impossible an undertaking 'twas for the Papists to have laid the Kings Murder upon the Presbyterians, (as *Dugdale* Swears) and to have engaged the Episcopal party in the Massacre, upon the issue of *Pickerings* Gun, the said *Pickering* being too shallow a Headpiece for so great a Masterpiece of Cheat and Villany; as to lay it on the Dissenters, and too known a Popish Face to pass for a Presbyterian. To this the Reflector answers (for there is nothing so Chimerical, but he finds an expedient for) *Seeing the Papists were ever hovering about the Kings Person; upon the Blow given, might not they out of a pretended officious Zeal fall upon the Assassinate, mangle him in such a manner as to render him altogether unknown again, for the person he was, and then lay it at whose door they please, either by real or forged words (forged words I understand not) that execrable Murder, and upon this the Church of England-Men out of a just Resentment and Indignation for the loss of their All in so Divinely good a Prince, are reasonably to be supposed would revenge it with all the Heat, and all the vigour imaginable.*

Now one would think, we had had Popish Plots enough in all conscience; but this subtle Reflector has wonderfully detected one Popish Plot more, and Heaven knows an *Heroical* one, being no less than a Plot of the great and mighty Popish Nobles, against the poor little Popish *Pickering*. Lord! what will not Popery do, and Reflections find out? But dear Mr. Little Plot, what if the Protestant Nobility about the King, which I fancy are always much stronger than his Popish Courtiers, had stop't these Lordly Popish Hands from Carbonading the poor desperado, and preserved him for a Gibbet, and if they could not have stept in time enough to have prevented a Popish stab, yet at least have snatch'd his Carcase from those bloody Popish *Mince-meat-makers*, and kept his Phisnomy unmangled to have discovered the Assassinate, in what a condition had this Reflecters great and Lordly Plot been in, and Mr. *Dugdales* Presbyterian *Sham-Murder*.

Nevertheless (says the Reflector page 12th) *Let Mr. Settle not think to render the matter Improbable by hinting the Majority of the Protestants throughout the Kingdom, (though a 150 to one odds, and a great part even of that very infinite minority of Papists just Upright Honest and Loyal Men) to surpass by much the Papists seeing the latter means to decoy the Church of England Men into the snare, which though they should not have effected, yet so unexpected a Surprise upon People unprepared, and at Dissension and Distrust amongst themselves, by Persons MARTIALIZ'D and used to Arms, as is well known the Papists had been, and who for a long while before had been making all things ready for the well Managing of their undertakings, they might well enough promise themselves Success, each not needing to be an Almanzor or a Mars, or have the strength and Soul of a Hercules.*

Now hang me if I can find out how 'tis well known the Papists have been *Martializ'd & Us'd to Arms* more then the rest of their Country-men. I'm Sensible, Heaven be prais'd, they have had no Opportunity, nor occasion to improve their Martial Skill since the Kings Return, and if it consists in their former Experience, to our Nations Eternal shame, we had too many Protestants, (such as they were) that had as much Martial Learning at that time, though in a worse cause, then the Papists. But, alas, the Reflecters meaning is, that they have practis'd Martial Discipline of a latter date, & in order to this great Work in hand, like the 25000 *Messina* Soldiers have had their *Rendezvous* INVISIBLE. The Reflector we consider, writes to
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the Rabble, where nothing so monstrous or impossible but must pass current. How long was the *Mobile* posselt, (nor are they yet undeceived) that the Papists had their places UNDERGROUND to Discipline whole Bodies of Men. Nor shall ye beat it out of the Heads of Ten Thousand English Foot to this day, but that Mr. *Choqueux's* innocent Squibs, and Rocket cases, designed for his Master Prince Rupert's Divertisement, were Fireballs, and Cartrages and other Romish Ammunition belonging to the great Devil the Plot.

But all this while the Remarker and Reflector never take care to answer that part of the Narrative that demonstrates the Protestants Throats were to have been cut by Spanish Armies, another while by French Armies, one time by English Armies, and another by NO ARMIES at all. - One while the Protestants Throats were to have been ALL cut, another while but Half; one while the *Episcopals* were to joyn in the Massacre with the *Papists* to Murder the *Fanaticks*, and another while the *Fanaticks* were to joyn with the *Papists* to Kill the *Episcopals*: and all these irreconcilable contradictions expressly sworn to be the mature and deliberate Results of the Conspirators. 'Tis true the Remarker, page 13. makes a feeble Essay to adjust the different Tales from the Bewkblwers jarring Testimonies, and tells you; *Would we have had all the several Gangs and Clubs of Plotters have jump in one and the same Sense and Opinion? where several people are engaged, there will be several Sir POLITICK WOODBEES that will be putting their Oars in the Boat where they are concern'd; one will be proposing this, and tother that, and many a Fools Bolt will be shot, and this discourse, though never so simple is Treason, and fit to be known by way of circumstance.*

And is the great and wonderful Popish Conspiracy, so dreadful as to require a two and forty days raising the whole Militia of England, come at last to an alarm but of so many Politick Woodbees? Is the Jesuits Treason of a hundred years hatching, and at last in the fatal 78. run up into Consults, Resolves, and FINAL DECREES, dwindled into a Fools Bolt? Are their terrible Commissions Sealed by *Johannes Paulus d'Oliva*, and his Substitute *Whitebread*, with the whole Process of the Royal Conspirators the French and Spanish King's joyning in the confederacy; nay the very actual Landing of 25000. *Missina Soldiers at Carlingford Haven*, such notorious matter of Fact, but meer *Little Tattle*? Were the great and damnable Popish Generals immured in Tower Walls for this? Now certainly what higher affront could this Impudent Remarker put upon the whole NEMINE CONTRADICENTE of our late Parliaments, when by insinuating that the Results of so many Popish Consults for the Subversion of our Religion, Lives, and Liberties, and the engagement of such Princes and Potentates against us, was only a simple discourse of so many Politick Woodbees, and consequently the many Sacred and Anful Committees of Secrecy in all their indefatigable Plot-manling sat so long a Brooding only over a Nest Egg that was ADDLE.

But now whereas *Elkanah* the Impertinent Plot-slasher, as the Remarker calls him, has proved the work was to have been done by no Armies at all: The generous complaisant Remarker makes answer, *Why truly had he had anything else in the World to do, he might have spared himself the labour, for so long as it was to be done, the cheaper they did it, the less it would have cost 'em*; smartly replied, I profess, and an Inference so ingenious as deserves *Sugar-plumbs*. Besides, what a pretty Turn of State is here made, Popery was to pop into the Throne, like the Kings of *Bromford* out of the CLOUDS, without either Noise or Tumult, and a Pox of all these unnecessary Tools call'd Armies to introduce it. In my opinion these two Scriblers are a Brace of such dull Rogues, and manage their Cause so Impertently, that the very answering of the Impertinents, is enough to unseate any Man of sense, if but to think what Dart and Rubbish he has to deal with.

However the Remarker wheels about again, and to convince you there were Armies in the case, says, *That Ireland one of the Executed Jesuits, was of opinion that there was no way to bring the business about, but by a considerable Force, which he mustered up to fifty thousand, affirming a less number would not suffice. Neither did Langhorne absolutely deny at his Trial the having of Commissions, only he denied them to be seen upon his Desk.* Was ever so much Impudence not to be matcht even in *Embrace Commis*, to obtrude that Confession of Commissions and Armies upon those

very men, that to the last gasp attested their Innocence, even to the renouncing of God and Heaven, if they were Guilty, and that too with a full and perfect Abjuration of all Dispensations or Equivocations whatever.

But truly, continues the Remarker, *he will not dispute the Case any farther with E. Settle, for perhaps he might know more of the Plot than they that were hang'd for't.* Not more my sweet friend, but possibly as much, and never the worse Man for't, it being a knowledge, I assure you, that would neither burden his Head nor his Heart.

From this we come to the Plot in Ireland.

Here the Remarker makes short work, and indeed as much as the Cause would bear, and tells you, *He'll say no more to't, but that if the King of Spain was a Block-head in it, and the King of France a Lunatick, as the Irish Plot makes them, they ought to come to E. Settle & learn Politicks.* And for his part because Settles *Romantic Objections* depend upon Plunkets Trial, upon which he was condemn'd, he shall not trouble himself to make any further defence for Courts of Judicature. 'Tis true, the Reflector is a little more Prolix upon this business, but so abominably low'd is the ignorance or impudence of this nameless Wretch, that he doubts not but the Spanish King had 30 thousand Pilgrims ready Mustered, and to be Landed at Bradington Bay, and Ten thousand Flandrians at Hull, tho' when he wanted Hands to save his own Kingdoms, and another Army to joyn with the French King, tho' to make his most mortal Enemy King of Ireland; nay, tho' not one of these Martial Pilgrims were ever seen in the World from that day to this; yet all these Armies were rais'd, and this stupendious Alliance of France and Spain was undeniable truth, and why, as he says, because the Spanish King is Priest-ridden, and the Jesuits rule his Descendant; There he has hit it. Popery, Plot and Jesuites can do every thing; Incorporate even Fire and Water, and make confederacies between the greatest and most implacable of Enemies; nay, it can unman Kings, and make the Wise and Politick French King be for bringing a Royal Navy into that very Port of Ireland where a Fisherboat can scarce live, and Maugre that foolish obstacle call'd impossibility, neither the King of France can forbear attempting all this, nor the Reflector believing it.

Nay the most Hellish, hideous Masterpiece of all Dr. Oats his Discovery, his Information to the Parliament, that the French had already landed a great Army of 25000. Messina Soldiers in Ireland, goes as inoffensively down with the Reflector, as the least puny exploit in the whole Plot. Nay to outdo the Doctor a Bow-shoot, the Doctor only brings them on, but let the Devil bring them off again; but the Reflector both lands and unlands them INVISIBLE. For page 14 he says, *why might not their designs be disappointed upon the discovery of the Plots, and they RETIRE again, or forbear acting till better strength'n'd and prepared for bringing their Designs about?* That is, why may not a Body of no less than 25000. men Land in a foreign Kingdom, and come, go, or stay from that day to this, without so much as one Mothers Son of 25000. being seen by Human Eye. Heaven! what a GORGE has the Reflector to swallow such unprecedented PLOT-ROMANCE, or what Impudence to vindicate such Execrable FORGERY?

Quanta est fidei Constantia Vultus.

The next thing we come to is Sir Edmundbury Godfreys Murder, and there the Reflector to vindicate Mr. Bedlows wonderful Refusal of 4000 l. to be one of the six to Murder Sir Edmund, and afterwards 2000 l. to be one with them to carry off the Body, Makes answer that *such is the generosity of some mens tempers, how meanly forever born, that they cannot be bribed nor wrought into an ill thing.* [So generous a man was Bedlow, and so averse to any thing that's ill, that only the greatest part of his Life was spent in Horsestealing, Cheating and Pocketpicking,] or rather the providence of God who had otherwise ordain'd, might make him make use of the Proposal of that very act to create a reluctance in him, and to work him to a Discovery of that and the rest. This last point indeed is unanswerable: but possibly, upon a review, His Discovery, to give Providence no trouble in it, might come a shorter Journey than from Heaven, only from the Prince of the Air by the way.

But

But *Elkanah* is a little Satyrical on the strange and different account of the whole continued contradiction in *Bedlows* and *Prance's* Testimony, *Sir Edmund* by *Bedlows* Evidence being stifled with a Pillaw in a lower Room of the great Court in Somerset-house, between four and five in the Afternoon, and the Murderers *Walsh* *Lephaire* my Lord *Bellasis* 2 Gentlemen &c. but by *Prance* Evidence, he was strangled with a twisted Handkerchief at 9 at Night, by the stabbs in the outward Court of Somerset-house, by *Green*, *Girald*, *Hill*, *Kelly*, *Berry* and *Prance*, &c. To reconcile with contradiction, the *Reflector* tells you page 168b. that *Miles Prance* owns to have been present, and to have had a hand in that Murder; *Mr. Bedlow* knows it only by a Relation, and by a Relation of a thing which he had already refused to have a hand in, and at a time he was so much suspected by that Party, as that they made him take the Sacrament twice a day for fear he should reveal. Now he being a suspected Person, and knowing the Murder to have been committed by Papists, they varied in their Account of his Death from the Truth, to baulk his Evidence in case he should fail them.

Now observe how *Bedlow* only swears to a Relation. In his Testimony before the House of Lords he swears, that *Walsh* and *Lephaire* two Jesuits proffer'd him 4000 l. to be one of the 4. or 6 that were to Kill *Sir Edmond-bury Godfrey*, and that upon his taking the Sacrament to do it, he should have the Money before hand paid, where or to whom to himself or what Friend he thought fit: Thus far *Mr. Bedlows* I hope was not suspected by them, neither was this only a Relation, for he had the proffer of present payment; and of a swinging sum too; Besides supposing that the concern of *Walsh* *Lephaire*, and his Cut-throats was only a Sham, and that no such Persons were concern'd in the Murder, put the Supposition that *Bedlow* had accepted the Money and Sacrament, as 'tis stupendious he did not, how must *Walsh* and *Lephaire* have excused this Sham? must they have cryed peccavi, and said Sir, we beg your pardon, we are concern'd in no such Murder, and tho we have given you the Sacrament and 4000 to no purpose in the World, we have no service to desire of you for it, 'tis an inconsiderable trifling sum, and it burnt in our Pockets; and therefore much good may do you with it. Also that very Night that *Sir Edmund* was carryed out from Somerset-house, *Bedlow* swears, that at the hour of 9 he was shew'd the Body, at which were present *Walsh*, *Lephaire*, my Lord *Bellasis* Gentleman, *Mr. Atkins*, *Mr. Pepys* Clerk and one Irish Man more: here was he offer'd half the 4000 l. to be one with these very numerical Men to help to carry off the Body, and this but two hours before it was carryed forth. And yet these very Men it seems were none of the Persons engaged, and upon *Bedlows* acceptance of the two Thousand pound; they must have still excused themselves by saying, Sir we have told you a notorious Lye, the Body is to be convey'd out by a pack of *Mr. Prances* Friends, to whom we are wholly strangers, and altogether unconcern'd with. Nay and to make out the Oddness of this wondrous matter of Fact sworn by *Bedlows*, we have *Mr. Prances* crew of Cut-throats *Sir Edmonds* REAL Murderers; and those Cut-throats are expressly sworn by him to have had the keeping of the Dead Body all along, and to have carryed it up and down from Room to Room, upon every Shadow of danger. Nay their fears and terror was so great, that on Wednesday night being removing the Body back to the first Room it lay in, *Mr. Prance* happening to come upon them at that instant they all ran away, and left the Body in the Entry, till he call'd to them and made them come back again &c. And yet but two hours before they carryed out the Body, 'twas left in a Room, expos'd to the view of *Bedlows*, *Lephaire* and the rest of his Brethren to the number of half a dozen Men all strangers to *Prance*, with neither *Prance* nor one of his Comrades upon the Spot tho all so apprehensive of a discovery.

But next, says the *Reflector*, Let us see *Mr. Settles* most remarkable Observation, viz. That few or none of those numerous Letters and Packets, seen, read, carried and intercepted by the several Discoverers should be couch'd in Ciphers, seeing they contain'd no less than all the proposals for Regicides, Massacres, Assassinations, and all the rest of their Villanies whatsoever. Now might not all those Letters, (says the *Reflector*) that had no Cipher be convey'd by such hands and means as they might rely on for the safety of the Delivery, and be couch'd in such Terms, tho

not

not in Cipher, as to seem to an unprepossess'd Reader to contain nothing but indifferent matters, tho they were stuff'd up with rank Treason?

Now nothing but Impudence unparallel'd would pretend to answer a Book at this rate; Does not the Narrative in that very place prove all *Dugdales* Letters received by him tho directed all to other men, to be all conveyed by the Common *Wife*, and that there was so far from any Caution used in the conveyance, that he swears he broke them all open, to above a hundred in number, and those that he could not conveniently *fall* again, he threw by, and never deliver'd, and all without the least Outcry or Uproar from the Discoverers at the miscarriage, though for the loss of Treason in Grain. Nay were not the contents of those Letters of such a Treasonable nature, that *Dugdale* at *Corkers* Trial, swears he received a Letter with [KILLING THE KING] in express words in it.

Just such another Reply the Reflector makes to the Narratives other as remarkable Observation, viz. why *Coleman* should spend so much labour and waste paper in Ciphers and Characters, and Foreign Correspondence, sometimes pushing on a TOLERATION, and otherwhile labouring for *Prorogations* and *Dissolutions* of Parliament, upon their every least motion in disfavour of the Roman Catholicks, if at the same time they had that vaster Machine a working, that would have Crown'd their utmost wishes without it, when upon killing the King, and murdering the Protestants, they had not only dissolv'd the Parliament, but likewise involved the Members in the Common Ruin, and by the Entry of Popery by the Sword they had put an end to the very Being and Constitution of Parliaments. To which answers the Reflector, Well, might not these *Prorogations* and *Toleration Projects* be managed in the interim, in case an Obstacle should happen to the putting their main Plot in Execution. Does it not appear throughout the whole course of the Conspiracy, that the Jesuits would leave no stone unturn'd for the bringing about their ends, and ply at small games rather than stand out. A small game indeed, and the dullest Gamesters in Christendom; for had the Papists intended such an Universal Massacre; in my Judgment nothing so convenient for their purpose, as to have done it in the very Sitting of a Parliament. How much more easie had it been out of Mr. *B* blows three English Armies, to have planted some few Popish Champions at the Parliament house Door, or the Parliament mens Lodgings, to have killed them too as well as the Soldiers as they came out; then to begin a Massacre in a Prorogation time, when so many great Men as those of the two Houses, dispers'd most of them in their Country Seats, had had the opportunity to Arm both themselves and Tenants, and encourage all those numerous Hands that would immediately have laid down their Lives and Fortunes in such a Cause, and under such Leaders, especially to make head against so hated a Party as the Papists, and that too after no less than the Murder of the KING, and the approach of their own threaten'd Destruction. Well! but *Pickering* and *Coleman* did not confer notes, and his Gun with Bullets or no Bullets, Powder or no Powder, might have kill'd the King, and not one syllable of this convenience thought on.

And then for Mr. *Oats* not seizing any of those Letters, *Pacquets*, *Memorials*, *Perpals*, and *Commissions* that might have corroborated his Discovery; the Reflector answers, As some he had only the sight of, so it would be madness to think he would take 'em away by force; as to those others he carried, he does not say but that he was accompanied by some of the Conspiracy, or if he was not, so manifest a proof of his Treachery, if one may call it so, to his party, would cut off all means of his diving farther into their Resolutions; and yet might be of little use, since perhaps he could not have PROVED THE HANDS. And as for that contrage of Mr. *Oats* which our Narrative Hero is pleas'd so to Droll upon, it shows that Mr. *Oats* whole care was even AFTER the Discovery not to give the Jesuits the least cause to suspect his being fallen off, that so by a fair appearance he might insinuate and grow so well acquainted with the Results of all their debates, even concerning the Discovery, as to reveal and prevent any HASTY and FATAL Resolutions, they might have taken thereupon, &c.

Was ever such a Blind Excuse sound out for so damnable a piece of VILLANY in the Doctor, viz. That the Doctor should discover the Plot to the King on the 13th of August, and upon the Kings disbelief of it, return to the Jesuits to

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trapan and betray 'em; and yet not so much as surprize one Treasonable consult after it, nor seize one Paper of theirs, amongst so many trusted in his hands, (and why? in the name of Dulness, *possibly he could not have proved their hands.*) And that too not only for so eminent a service to the King, and three Protestant Kingdoms; but likewise for his own *Interest and Glory*: when so plain a proof of the Popish Plot, had for ever gain'd him the universal love of a whole Protestant Kingdom, and consequently all the *encouragement* that he could wish or ask. Whereas on the contrary, the *lowness* of his Narrative, and the *inconsistency* of all his Evidence, has markt him like CAIN, and to all impartial men of sense, has given him the brand both of *Cain's GUILT* and *Cain's INFAMY*. Oh! but he afraid for diving FARTHER into the Papists Resolutions says the *Reflections*. Now what FARTHER treasonable Resolutions rhe Papists could have after killing the King, and cutting all the Protestants Throats, and setting up Popery as *already design'd*, I profess I cannot comprehend; unless they had had a mind to have used the King as unmercifully as they did Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, and have kill'd him twice over, stifled him with a *Pillow* at the *Banquetinghouse*, and strangled him with a *twisted Handkerchief* at the *Stone-Gallery*.

Well, but Mr. Oats his courage in trusting himself to come alone to Whitebreads Chamber, after the receiving three blows with a Cane from him, and a Box on the Ear for his Discovery, and Dr. Tongue his Confederate no less than being threatened to be murder'd, might be to prevent the Papists *hasty and fatal resolutions taken thereupon*. Nothing more likely sweet Mr. *Impertinence*: but for a taste of Dr. Oats his prevention of the Papists *fatal* Resolutions, I'll refer the Reader but to the LXVI. Paragraph in his Narrative.

Item, That on the 22th of August, Money was sent from the Society by a Servant of theirs to supply the Expences of the four Irish Russians above-mentioned, who were gotten to Windsor on the 21st at Night, and the sum so sent was Eighty pound, which the Deponent saw told, and they were bidden not to be frequent in one anothers Company, and always to profess but small acquaintance one with the other, &c.

Now mark the UNEXAMPLED VILLANY of the SAVIOUR OF THE NATION he had discover'd the Plot (as his Preface tells you) on the 13th. of August, for the Preservation of the King and the Protestant Religion, and yet after that very day, after his Return and Conversion, from Treason and Plots to Honesty and Loyalty, He is privy to four Bravoes, Men of Quality and Resolution, being from the 21st of August to the 7th of September at Windsor, upon no less an expedition than cutting the Kings Throat, without giving the King the least notice or hint of his Danger. Well, let the Remarker and the Reflector fall down and Worship our Salamanca Deliverer; for hang me if I can. And tho some Fools in the World are pleas'd to mistake him for a King-saving Mordecai; I profess I think the Character of a Haman and his preferment too would much better suit him.

I Am afraid, Reader, I have already tired you with a Subject I my self am weary of; a Reply to two such ridiculous Adversaries, being a Quarrel not worth engaging in, but only that the Whigs, right or wrong, are those *Opiniated Fools* both of their *Scriblers* and their *Cause*, that to have kept silent had been giving them an occasion of *Triumph*: and the necessity of allaying that Vanity has given you this trouble. Thus far I have shewed you the extent of their little *Reason*, and now I care not if I give you the *Latitude* of their larger *CONSCIENCES*. Amongst the numerous repeated *Rascals* and *Traitours* they call me, the *Reflector* more particularly in (page the 1st) tells you that in my *Epistle*, I have shew'd my self the greatest Villain that perhaps has been upon the face of the Earth, in that *spight* and *venge*, and those accumulated wrongs against a Prince of such Honor and *Virtue*. But (page 2d) he proceeds, and says, when I wrote the *Papish Character*, did not that sad Juncture threaten the Nation with a direful Revolution, and what I now mask under my private Resentments and *Revenge*, was it not making my Court to a party whom I consider'd as the Moneyd part of the Nation, and ready inclined to reward and succor all those who had sufficiency and probity. But now that the *TIDE* is turned, that all the Efforts of *ZEALOUS PATRIOTS* for settling the Peace, and procuring the *HAPPINES* of their Country have been diverted, and that an Inundation of *TORISME* seems to threaten the whole Land; is it not to be suspected that my *Recantation* and *Repentance* are only to save my *Bacon*, &c. And again, page 4. When *WHIGGISM* and *PROTESTANTISM* began to be a barren soil than *Pernassus*, when all Evidence and proceedings against *Papery* began to be discredited, and the *Papists* began to appear again in such shoals, that the crafty *Trimmers* of the party thought it prudence no longer to oppose the *Torrens*, then *Sir Polistick Elkanah* thou be fit to wheel about.

Here do but mark the *Clown-foot* of my Accuser, and see how impudently *Vice* corrects *Sin*; For I desire but any honest unprejudiced Reader to scan but these Lines, and find if they bear any other sense, then that the very King is here maliciously and venomously accused for diverting the settlement of his Kingdoms peace and happiness, and that by his Conduct of late years he has obstructed that *Zeal*, and those very *Patriots* that were labouring to establish them, and downright encouraged and promoted that *INUNDATION* that no less than *THREATENS* the Land. And now as I am so over and over accused for ridiculing the Justice of the Nation, how much more visibly does this Impudent Scribler arraign both Judge and Jurors, and by the Evidence against *Papery* being so discredited insinuate that *Wak man*, *Corker*, *Kerney*, and the rest acquitted by Law, had not Justice; and that the Testimonies of their Accusers, though made up of nothing but malice, scandal, Combination and Treachery, was Oracle and Gospel. Nay, he strikes at the very Government it self, and by the Barrenness of the Protestant Soil, and the Shoals and *Torrens* of *Papists*, would make the world believe that the Church of England is undermining, and Rome a setting up. Now what this nameless fellow is, that dares write this, I know not, but the Soul of a *Ferguson* could have said no more. And if a Man would learn who this Scribler is, 'tis ten to one the unknown Authors name may never come to light, till we see it in a *Proclamation*.

And now to shew you that these two Authors, like the unclean Beasts in the Ark, go paired, they are as well matcht in their principles as Satan could wish.

For instance, the Remarker (page the 6th.) tells you, That I was the Author of that damnable Lampoon call'd a Game at Cards, presented inconsiderately by *Joshuah Bows* to Mr. *Dubois*, which brought him to the Pillory and Banishment: and no doubt 'twas the hard Fate of my Friend that frighted me into my Conversion.

And yet this very Remarker with all the Bitterness and Gall that *Rage* and *Malice* can infuse, brands and stigmatizes my begging of pardon for all my faults whatever, with no milder terms than a villanous Rascally Recantation, a Recantati-

on in the Devil's name, &c. And what's all this, put it together, (supposing me the Author of that Damnable Libel,) but that I am a Villain, a Rascal, a Devil for repenting and Recanting even from Crimes of so black a Dye, from those very Lyes and Libels, the *dispersing* but of which *Imprisoned, Fined, Pilloried and Transported* the very publisher, (much more the Author deserved.) Good Heaven! How Black a Sin is Repentance in a true Blue Protestant: and how heavy a Guilt is such a Recantation in the scales of a Remarkers Conscience?

But having started that unfortunate Fellow *Bows* his Case; I care not if I give the World the odd but true story of his hard Fortune. The Man in the first place, was one of the most vehement Whiggs in his little capacity that perhaps was in England, and as little for *Succession* or *Gospel* in the *Right Line*, as the Brotherhood could desire him; nay has as often and as devoutly paid his *Oritons* and *Adorations* SO-HO-Wards, as any Man I know: Insomuch that whatever his sufferings have been in their Cause, *maugre* his particular Retentments against Mr. *Duboy*, the whole party are still his *Demi-gods*, (unless the NEW-MARKET EXPEDITION when it shall reach his ears may convert him.) This poor Man having Poetry enough to reach to a *Sonnet*, or an *Epithalamium*, and being likewise possibly one of the best Scribes in the Kingdom, in Gold, Silver, Vermillion Letters, with Flowers, Birds, Beasts, and other ornamental flourishes of the Pen, fit to please Women; he got his Bread by presenting Ladies and Persons of Quality with gay Copies of Verses in this kind. But one time above the rest, (as he did not always traffick in his own Manufacture) it happened he pickt up a Whiggish Lampoon, a little too rank as it fell out, of which possibly twenty Copies had been dispers'd without noise or danger at *Peters* and *Dicks*, and that quarter of the Town. These (as thinking them acceptable) he sent to the worthy Mr. *Duboy*, and a day or two after, went to ask if he had received them, in hopes of a gratuity of five or ten shillings for them. But instead of that, he was immediately seiz'd for a *Jesuit*. A new *Meal-tub* Plot was discover'd; Treasonable POPISH Papers were sham'd into Mr. *Duboy* his Hand, some say into his *Slave*, and others into his *Pocket*; and all (God wot) to betray him, and bring him into a Plot. Besides a Copy or two of his own harmless *Rhimes*, beautified with the forementioned Ornaments, and the Verses Damnd unfortunately writ in *Red Ink*, design'd for some City present, were found about him: and those were no sooner spied, but all was confirm'd: The Conspiracy was made as apparent as the *Sun*: He was an *Emissary* from the POPE, that is plain, for he had Papers found writ in BLOOD, and *Contracts* with the DEVIL. This Alarum ran through the City immediatly; Captain *Toms* Plot for *Burning of Rumps* and *Lissing of Apprentices* was not half so FORMIDABLE.

The poor Man us'd his utmost Endeavor to pacifye and convince his Accuser both of his *Innocence* and his *Principles*: but *Faith* was strong, and *Dudgeon* was high, and *All* would not do. The Papers were *Popish*, the Messenger *Popish*, the Delivery *Popish*, and Plot Plot, nothing but Plot at the bottom of it; whilst Truth and Sense were either not understood or not believed. And tho' he made a shift to get off at present by Bail, yet he was retaken again, stood thrice in the Pillory, and though his Papers deserved all this, and worse; yet see the Oddness of the Thing; to one half of the City he was himself viz. a rank Whig; to the other, a notorious Priest and Jesuit: in one place his Papers were *Fanatick* in another *Popish*; insomuch that he came to his Wooden Casement unpity'd by All Men, and stood the Battery of Rotten Eggs; and other Flying Artillery even from All Hands. Nay, the Delivery of his Lampoons came with such a Plot Thunder-clap upon the Brethren, that it has added their understandings ever since; and the rumbling of it is not out of their Heads yet. But alas, Popery and Jesuites do all things; and poor little *Jas Gaw* by the true blew Protestant *Opricks*, like a Flea in a Magnifying-glass, was instantly transform'd into that Huge, Black Popish Devil, as nothing more terrible: Nay, had this business happened in 79. I fancy the Lobby, and all the great Buildings round it, would have been scarce able to have held it.

But to return from this Digression, nothing gives my Antagonists so great a Disgust, as that my Aldersgate-street Patron should make some correction in the Character of a Popish Successor, and for amendment bid the Author speak more favorably of Rebellion, to which says the Reflector, how can Mr. Settle think to impose, and make the World believe that ever the Patron he mentions should make such a blunder in Politicks as to send this Worshipful Author a Message of this Nature, and that too to a Poet and a profess'd one, People not much admired in this Age for Continency, or Fidelity, &c.

That this very Patron did make this Correction, and in these very Words, the Friend I intrusted to carry it to him is ready to Attest, (tho indeed he did not then know the Author, for that I conceal'd till the Book was publish'd) and upon that very Correction of his, I alter'd the latter end of the Character and wrote all those Paragraphs in it, against PASSIVE OBEDIENCE and in Justification of taking up Arms against a Popish Successor, which when I had finish'd I sent him the Copy again, and he approved of the Amendments. I know not why the Adorers of that great Man should so extravagantly Desyre him, as to make him guilty of no one humane failing, not one *Lapsus Lingua* in so many Years of Gall and Bitterness. Surely one bold Word or two, might now and then drop from so bold a Patriot, and so angry a state Pilot. I remember a good Friend of mine. Mr. Coke Barrister, the Translator of *Magna Charta*, told me that once upon discourse between him and the Right Honorable Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury, he asked the said Noble Peer, why he advised the King to shut up the Exchequer, to which the Worthy Earl made Answer to make him Odious to his People. So that as I said before, a bold Word has now and then fallen from the Lips of that true Protestant Oracle. Now, I hope my good Friend Mr. Coke has so much Honor and Honesty as not to deny his own words: But if he wronged the Honorable Lord in this story of him, it behoves him to do Justice to his Memory, and publicly own his Repentance for so black an Aspersion against so great a Personage. I, but I am a very Impudent Fellow says the Remarker, for saving in my Preface that the Plot writ the Association, for (continues he) if I mean the pretended Association 'twas a Bastard &c. Faith, I'll not say much to that, but if 'twas a Bastard 'twas so much the nearer of Complexion to the great Son of Thunder that was to head it. But says the Reflector, Settle tells us in his Preface, that he now dares look Sense and Quality in the Face, intimating at the same time that it is what the Whigs dare not: whereas 'tis well known, there be those who are call'd Whigs, who dare nose both Sense and Quality, and desyre the Courage as well as the Arts and Machinations of their Enemies. Now if this Fellow would make his words true, he might do himself and the Nation no small kindness, nay, instead of their nosing of Quality, could he make them but Face Da-light, that WHIGGISM and TREASON might receive their Reward, and the Ungratefullst of Subjects and most Unnatural of Sons, the late Head of a most Infamous Band of Rascals might be expos'd to the Abhorring World, and shew the Misted and Deluded Rabble what IDOL 'tis they have so long Adored.

These two Insipid Animals, after the greatest Efforts against my Narrative, that two such Champions in such a Cause could make, being conscious no doubt of the weak Barriers they have rais'd against it, have endeavored to help out their singlers Remarks and Reflections, by blasting my Reputation by the most Audacious Abominable Lies, that ever the Devil the Father of Lies could have forged. An Instance of which we have in the 6th page of the Remarks as follows.

This is not the first Retantation that Settle has made sometimes out of fear and sometimes out of necessity. He has twice given it under his hand, that his Mother was a Whore, once to Mr. --- as finding himself not prepared to dye.

Another time there was a certain Gentle-woman that he would have Married, but she w. l. understanding that four naked Legs in a Bed, are not sufficient to maintain a Family, rejected his Suit, which so provoked his Lust of Revenge, that he came and broke her Windows, resolving to set a Bawdy-house Mark on her Lodgings. Presently the Gentlewoman complain'd of his ill Usage to a Friend, who soon called the Valiant Window-breaker to an account, and gave him so severe a Cane Correction, that Mr. Settle

tle fell immediately into his never failing way of Recantation, and amongst the rest of the Conditions proposed to him, readily, patiently, and willingly condescended to acknowledge himself the Son of a Whore.

The first of these Villanous Forgeries is taken out of a certain inveterate Filthy Libel against me, called the *Character of a true Blue Protestant Poet*, where amongst the Impudent Lyes and Detraction that fills that Paper, I was accused of being the Author of a Scandalous Copy of Verses call'd the *Sessions of the Poets*, an ill-natured scurrilous Lampoon, written some years since, and now laid as believed at the Fathers Door, being Printed amongst the Lord Rs.--Poems. Amongst the other Extravagancies in that Base and Malicious Libel against me. It was said that I gave it under my Hand to Mr. O--- a Gentleman highly wronged and affronted in that Paper of Verses, that *I was the Author of that Sessions of Poets, and that for which I was the Son of a Whore.*

Which is so damnable a Falshood, and so publickly known to be so too, that on the quite contrary I disown'd and abjured the writing so much as one Syllable of it: and to vindicate my self from the scandal of such a Lampoon, at that time so unjustly and so universally laid at my Door, and so much to my disreputation, if to clear my self by no less a Potestation then that *I was the Son of a Whore if I wrote one word of it*, when indeed I did not write one word of it, be calling a Mothers Honesty into Question, let the World Judge.

But for the Gentlewoman, the Window breaking, and the Cane Correction story, and the second part of Son of Whore, that, all such pure Invention, such unparrallell'd Romance as was scarce ever matcht. But to confute the Brazen Impudence of this Villanous Libeller: I make this Challenge to the World if ever I broke a Window in my whole Life, and as my good Fortune would have it, was ever so much as in that *Company* that broke Windows, (as *Debaucht* as the Remarks or Reflections have render'd me,) or if any Body can prove there *is* or *has been* that Man in the World that ever corrected me as he calls it or *strook* me with Cane Staff or Cudgel for above two Seaven Years last past, (for my School-Boys days Ile not answer) I do here submit to own my self the burner of London, the Murderer of Sir Edmond, or the greatest Criminal or Traytor in Europe witness my hand,

Elkanah Settle.

Another as Lying a story I meet in the Reflections pag. 5th. Reflect: *To show you that Interest is the main Spring of this Mans Affections, that he hates and Loves only according to its Dictates, that he squares Mens Virtues and Vices according to its Measures, and can be fond of, and detest in a Moment the same Persons suitably as they contribute to, and jump with his Design.* This Man having a Book to present to one of his Patrons, he prevailed with his Book-seller to go with it, darning this Patron to him at a high rate, extolling his Wisdom, Benignity of Temper, and Generosity, &c. Whereupon the Book-seller trooped with the offering to the Lord; but coming back with Disappointments in his Countenance, and telling Mr. Settle that he had delivered his Book, but that the Lord had return'd no other thanks than what consisted in words, he began to curse and damn the Sordidness of his Patron, wished he had been in Hell, when the thought came into his Head of making him that Oblation, Vomiting out all the Imprecations &c. until the Book-seller to direct this Torrent of Rage, shewed him some few Guineys, which his Patron had sent him as a present: and then to see the wonderful Effect, that that Metal has upon Mr. Settles Intellectuals, he immediately saw that good Lord again through quite different Opticks, and found in him a 1000 more fine Qualities then he had ever done before.

Just such another piece of Forgery is this with the former; and to prove so: All the Books I ever wrote, except the Popish Character, were Printed by one Book-seller, who is ready to make Oath, that there is not one Syllable of Truth in all this story, and that he never delivered any such Book or Books for me, or ever received Guineys or Guiney for me from any Patron or Lord whatever.

But truly, of all Mankind I have the least Reason to admire or complain at this Usage, when I consider that nothing but Malice makes a Whig, and nothing but

Lyes and Rancor are the Spawn of Malice. And when I reflect on my own past Sins, I acknowledge I am but punisht in my kind; and all this, and ten times worse I have justly deserved; and tho with all the deepest sense and humbled Contrition for my Offences, I shall never think I have made any part of an Expiation till the whole Study of my Life and the Endeavors of my Pen are entirely employed in the Service of those Royal Brothers, whose least Beam of their so highly forfeited Mercy can never be recovered under a less Attonement Sacrifice.

There is one Pen more drawn against me, call'd a *Letter to E. Settle*; Printed by *Nat. Thompson*. The Writer whereof has no Quarrel against my Narrative, but the *Author*; and seems to suspect not only the Truth of my *Penitence*, but also of my *Confession*, and that there still lyes some undiscovered *Anguis in Herbâ* in the Breast of so high an Offender. He very much doubts whether those Motives express'd in my Preface were the true Incendiaries to so inveterate a Pen as mine; and believing that an *Author* so eminently serviceable to those false Patriots, that always make *Religion* and *Liberty* the specious pretences to mask the Blackest and Foulest Purposes, he seems to be very confident I must be trusted in their *Intrigues* and *Cabals*: and thereupon has put me a whole Roll of *Quarrels* to Answer. To which Book I can only make this short Reply. In that Confession made in my Preface, I have given the World the whole Truth of my Soul. And tho my unhappy Resentments for having a Play remanded to the Dukes Theatre, may appear a very idle Provocation for so implacable a spight and revenge as mine; yet as that Command was occasionally the Ruine of my well being in the World, the Circumstances of which are too tedious to recite, from that very Cause (tho never so unjust and unchristian a one) I drew in that Poyson and Virulence against the Son of a King and a Martyr, the Greatest of Heroes, and the best of Friends and Brothers. But as my soul, too much loaded already, has no farther Sins to answer for; I am so wholly incapable of solving this Gentlemans *Queries*; that *Ignorance* and *Innocence* is all the Plea I can make, I being so far from a *Confident*, *Caballer*, or indeed Company-keeper with those Antimonarchical *Matchcoyls*, that I can safely Swear, I never so much as drank at the *Kings-head Club*; excepting on a publick *Queen Elizabeths Night*: Perhaps the *Voluntary Tribute* I brought them made me esteem'd a *Profitable Servant* enough, without exacting any farther *Task* from my Hands; or otherwise, they might be those skillful Physiognomists that they could read Souls, and found me so incapable even of a *Thought* against my *King*, that in *Prudence* and *Safety*, they made their *Machinations* against the *Crown*, those *Secrets* that were to be laid out of my reach; for I declare in the presence of God, I know no more by them, then that the *Bill of Exclusion*, and the other *Parliamentary Projections* for *Liberty* and *Religion* were the utmost end they drove at. And if I have belyed my Conscience in this Protestation, and am any wise Guilty of those Crimes, that the Letter-writer suspects, there is now that Justice wakened, that would soon o'retake me. For thanks be to Heaven, the Great *Mystery of Iniquity* begins to be unfolded, and the detection of this last *TRULY Damnable* and *Hellish Plot*, begins to set the *Staggering World* upright again: a Plot not discovered by the *Rakings* of *Jails*, and *Scumm* of Mankind; but by Clouds of Witnesses of *Substance* and *Quality*: A Plot, not universally denyed with Vows, Oaths, and Imprecations even at *Gibbets* and *Death*; but confest in *Jails* with Horror and Trembling. A Plot, that I hope will so fully restore those Senses that Delusion and Frenzy have so long set a wandering, that *Union* and *Loyalty* shall so perfectly Flourish again, till the Hearts of his People and Parliaments so intirely return to the best of Men & Kings, that they shall meet him with no less *Caresses* and *Endearments* then those at his Restoration.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Care in one of his *Comments*, has said that Mr. Cademan durst not Print my Narrative till it had Mr. L. Estranges Blessing, these are to signify tis wholly False, for tho tis true, Mr. L. Estrange read some part of it, yet on the other side he advised and Counsell'd Mr. Cademan by no means to venture to Print it.

F I N I S.